

A SONG OF THE BATTERY.

—Written by—
DUKE LAWRENCE SLAUGHTER,
"Most Done Traveling."

From the silvery sands of Old Camp Meade in dear old Maryland,
The 351st Field Artillery set out for Allemand;
These were the boys from Baltimore—all Yank of a dusky hue,
From Pittsburgh and Columbus—Toledo's chosen few,
And some from the Carolinas and the southernmost Florida Keys,
From Georgia, Louisiana and from dear old Tennessee;
And while we cannot claim a Yank from Maine to the Golden Gate,
Our Battery boasts the cream of Yanks from Connecticut to the
Lone Star State.

But I sing of the boys of Battery "B" and its honored personnel—
The boys who put the Hun on the run under Captain P. J. Cant-
well—
There was Lieut. Wilkinson who knew his stuff and Sgt. Hunt as
well.

But with Lieut. Cammack behind the guns, we gave the Kaiser a
sing of the gallant 1st Platoon under handsome Willie Ross,
And Sgt. Jones who relieved him before the Kaiser lost;
And winsome Cpl. Blackus, Pts. Collier and Helton, P.
Adams, O., Addison, H., Morrison and Blair, Harold, D.

I sing of Sgt. Lawson and Sheep of Pelletine fame,
(Corporal Nathan Johnson) and stalwart Compton, N;
Pvt. Evans, E., Craig, L. P., Stevenson and Robinson, C.
Featuring, "I don't bother work and work don't bother me!"
Then we come to the 2nd Platoon and Ex-Sgt. Wagoner Spriggs,
And the "Prince" of Gunners, "Red" Stewart and Slick Bynum, the
Howitzer king.
There's honest Joe Pindexter, the Yank of Lathus fame,
With "Foggy" Dodson on the spot, they made their 6 in ring.

And we're making worthy mention of Sgt. Sanders, E.
And Pts. Childs, "Happy," A., Bolden and Nutter, Ray;
It's great to think of Singleton, H. and Corporal Menefee,
But to dispatch a hasty message, just call on Pettigrew, J.
"Eph" Jones and his squad of gunners fired their shot at La
Courtoine.
Then came on the front with Pierson to keep the forest clear;
There's only one in the Battery whom we really ought to pass;
That nuisance, Harry Holloman, with his ceaseless talk of "GAS!"

And John Steel's Dorsey Sims was there, the Yank with the shaken
thigh,
And old "Dad" Jones and Scottie, E. who drew shrapnel from the
sky.

I sing of Sgt. Boyers and his "ammunition corps"
With Corporal Thomas Banks in charge of boys like Branham, O.
They brought along "Poor Kelley" with his popular little songs,
But, O, where will "Poor Kelley" be when the first trumpet
sounds?

The cooks were there, the Orderlies and Bugler Gittings, too,
Mechanics Richardson, Fender and House to make the recoil true.

"We were down to help 'em with the 155s" in the words of old Al
Glenn,
We've played our part in the great big game and we're headed
home again;

Our guns are hushed in the depths of the wood in their damp and
slimy nests,
As we turn our weary footsteps toward the Golden West.
The trees are bare for winter's storms, the earth lies thick with
leaves,
The Allied hosts come marching home from prison camps set free;
There's a song in the air as we hike along the roads of shattered
towns.

For it took the boys of the 351st to make the Kaiser shed his
crown.

So here's to the Yanks of the 351st and the boys of Battery "B",
Who stood the test in NO-MAN'S-LAND in the fight for Democracy;
All praise to the Allied Nations and to our own RED, WHITE and
BLUE,

And now its up to the STARS AND STRIPES to make it good for
you.
Your gallant deeds are writ in gold across the page of time,
And though some other mark may dim yours will forever shine;
Your Division is set, a dazzling star, in the Nations' MARTIAL
CROWN

And you are the idol of the REGIMENT that put Bill Kaiser Down.

"PRICE OF A GOOD TIME."

Splendid Cast. Lois Weber and
Phillips Smaller, "Story of Life
in the City Where Nobody Cares."
Told in a Series of Strikingly
Realistic Chapters. Beautiful
Young Saleswoman in Store of Mil-
lions. Whose Son Attempts to
Lighten Her Burden. The Master-
piece of Motion Picture.



In the presentation of this wonder-
ful and pathetic story, we insert the
cast making up the personnel of
the heart-rendering picture.

Cast.
Linnie Mildred Harris
Her mother Annie Schaefer
Molly Helene Rosson
Mr. Winfield Alfred Allen
Mrs. Winfield Adele Farrington
Preston Winfield Kenneth Harlan
Miss Schuyler Gertrude Astor
Linnie is a pretty little Miss of
eighteen. She works in the per-
fumery counter of a mammoth depart-
ment store. She has never had a
good time in her life. Her father is
paralyzed; her brother is a soap-box
anarchist; her mother is a shrew.
Preston Winfield is the son of the
millionaire owner of the store. He
chafes in his engagement to Miss
Schuyler, aristocrat, financially em-
barrassed. When he goes to the sea-
shore with his family, he offers the
tearful Linnie "six nights of
good times. In return he asks only
that she tell him each night where
she wanted to go.

Clouds form, however, and the lit-
tle picture-seeker is rudely awak-
ened in the home of Winfield on the
sixth night, when she has elected
to play "that it is hers."

As her girl friend is happily mar-
ried to her sweetheart, Linnie pays
"the price of a good time."
It's a story no one can afford to
miss—a picture that reaches out and
grabs your heart strings. It makes
you cry and it makes you laugh.
"The Price of a Good Time," a six-
week offering at the High School
Theatre, 3211 Cochran street, Mon-
day and Tuesday nights, March 17
and 18. Admission 11 and 17 cents.

CORPORAL PHILIP JORDAN AR-
RIVES "SAFELY FROM OVER
THERE."

The many friends of Corporal
Philip Jordan is delighted in his
safe return from France and is again
back in his native home to the pride
of his mother and sister.

Corporal Jordan tells of many in-
teresting stories of the front line
trenches.

He was a member of Company I,
3rd Battalion and a part of the 92nd
Division a part of which was in the
thickest of the greatest battles pite-
by the American army.

High Kickin'.
A mule in Missouri named Jim
Kicked a man till he had no more
vim—
The court claimed, "is new,
But the kicking was twice between
Three thousand's the verdict—kick
in.

The League of (Carrie) Nations.
Dinking.
Pool playing.
Smoking.
Chewing.
Playing cards.
Flirting.

From Our Mail Box.
A business man sends this in:
"What is the difference between
a 'cootie' and an ordinary 'loose'?"
Is it that the 'cootie' has military
training?"

Tuskegee, Ala., March 6.—During
a recent meeting of the A. and M. col-
lege presidents at Tuskegee, Insti-
tute there was organized the National
Historic Society. The purpose of
this organization is to collect for
perpetuation in the archives of all
the States of the Union historical
facts relating and pertaining to Ne-
gro soldiers who participated in the
late war, and such other facts as
may illustrate the progress, loyalty,
and achievements of Negroes.

Hereafter in Texas, it will be un-
lawful to instruct a voter as to how
to vote, except the instructor uses
the English language in so doing.
The law was aimed at the foreign
born and non-English speaking citi-
zens of Texas. As we see it, it is
an unfair law. If the non-English
speaking peoples who come to Texas
seeking citizenship are to be put to
this disadvantage, they should not
be given citizenship. If they are
good enough to trade with, acquire
property marry and inter-marry, not
speaking our language, they are good
enough to be told in their own lan-
guage how to cast their ballots.

PIONEER CITIZEN DIES.

**Mrs. Josephine Franklin Succumbs
to Grim Reaper.**

Mrs. Josephine Franklin, a pioneer
and well respected citizen died at
the family home on Walton street,
Tuesday morning, following a paralytic
stroke. Mrs. Josephine Franklin
lived in the neighborhood in which
she died for a number of years at
one time she resided on Commerce,
near corner of Walton. She was a
member of St. Mary's Temple of
Sisters of the Holy Cross for
thirty years and a member of New
Hope Baptist church at which
place the funeral services were con-
ducted.

Mrs. Franklin was the mother of
five living children, one of which is
in Arizona and could not be present
at the funeral. Others are Mrs.
Bell Franklin Evans, Mrs. Gertrude
Shipley, Mrs. Lula Bradley and Chas.
Franklin of this city.

The remains were interred Wed-
nesday evening under the auspices of
St. Mary's Temple.

Miss Evelyn Webb of Marshall, is
in the city the guest of her friend,
Miss Virginia Moore of the Dixon
cave.

F. A. Scott, general manager of
National Co-operative Trading Com-
pany of Palestine, Texas, was in
town Tuesday.

A concern capitalized at \$125,000,
Hon. Sam B. Rose, traveling State
representative of the J. E. McBrady
Company of Chicago, was in the city
Tuesday looking the very picture of
health.

Mr. Bill Nolan and Mrs. Mary Col-
ters of Tene, Texas, relatives of
Mrs. Maggie Abner, 2909 Thomas
avenue, are in the city. Mr. Nolan
is now at the Baptist sanitarium
having undergone an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Adkinson of 2216
Allen street left Friday for the future
home at Hominy, Okla.

Big wide ladies read the ads in the
Dallas Express which gives more or
less better bargains to you because
of their appeal on being made ex-
pressively for you when it appears
in this paper. Tell them in going
there you saw their ad in the Dallas
Express.

The great Spring Tonic "to keep
you well." Our immense and grow-
ing trade is enough to convince any
who are skeptical of its superior
merit—Testimonials are piling up
daily telling of wonderful cures.
Dr. Link's remedies all guaranteed.
Secure territory you want at once
before some one beats you to it.
Ministers and ladies make our best
agents. Big money and easy money
to agents, call or send in your order
at once—Agents wanted everywhere.
We have moved to 305 South Ervay
street, one block South of Postoffice.

With every one dollar sale we will
give any 50c preparation we have
for a short time.

Goods shipped same day order re-
ceived by Parcel Post or Express.
Free delivery in city by out of city
when we get full retail price.

BAPTIST MINISTERS' ALLIANCE.
The Baptist Ministers' Alliance
convened its regular weekly meet-
ing Monday at 11:00 a. m. at the
Macedonia Baptist church. The meet-
ing was presided over by Rev. W. M.
Taylor and Dr. F. K. White. Part-
ial reports showed that the church-
es raised \$592.01 and 29 members ad-
ded to same.

The Sunday school lesson for Sun-
day, March 16, was discussed by
Alliance and proved highly benefi-
cial to members present.

Topic for next meeting is, "The
Government of a Baptist church."
The subjects will be opened with
a paper by Rev. T. B. Mills. New
members, Rev. J. W. Wyse, Rev. J.
J. Davis.

A committee was appointed by the
choir to outline the work of the city
Missionary for the year.

Every Baptist Minister will find
each meeting of Alliance highly in-
structive. Every young minister
should make it his business to be
present at each meeting.

Ministers don't forget to make men-
tion of the Dallas Express to your
congregations. This enterprise is
offering employment to a number of
our boys, and truly, it's our duty to
help perpetuate the existence of this
great institution.

**Macedonia Baptist Church
Report.**

The Sunday school was largely at-
tended. A collection of \$25.00 was
taken. Hon. W. E. King, editor of
Dallas Express was a visitor at this
meeting. Editor W. E. King was by
a vote of the B. Y. P. U. given hon-
orary membership.

The Women's H. M. S. held its
regular weekly meeting on Monday
at 3:00 p. m. and had a large at-
tendance. Mrs. Belle Reynolds, pres-
ident.

The pulpit was filled all day by
the pastor, Dr. E. A. Livingston Wilson.
At 11:00 a. m. subject, "Love Se-
cured"; at 7:45 p. m., subject, "A
Mighty Man of Valour."

On next Sunday evening at 7:45
p. m., the pastor will deliver a
special sermon to men. The front
seats will be reserved for men up-

DESERT FOR MANY REASONS

Every Soldier Who Flees the Colors in
Times of Peace Is Not Necess-
arily Disloyal.

The reversion to peace is welcomed
by most men, but there is a group in
the army and navy posted as desert-
ers who must be uneasy in their minds.

Desertion in the army implies ab-
sence without leave for 22 days, and
entails a court-martial if the individ-
ual is reclaimed, says a writer in Lon-
don Answers.

In time of war it was a serious busi-
ness, and a man risks his life almost
as much by running away from danger
as by running into it.

But in peace times there is some-
times an element of humor in desert-
ion from the forces. Men run away
for such trivial reasons, sometimes
merely to join another unit.

Men desert chiefly because they are
dilly confronted by irritating restric-
tions, personal animosity of superiors
or for private reasons.

Sometimes an attractive uniform
like that of a lancer regiment will
seduce an infantryman. I have in
mind a corporal who was chased by
military police in Aldershot two years
after the desertion, one of the M. P.'s
having known him in his former unit.

A man still living left the navy in
a hurry in 1874. An officer had called
him a liar, a charge he countered with
his fist, for which he was placed in
irons. A fire on board that night gave
him his chance. He roamed Australia
until his ship went out of commission,
when the charge automatically lapsed.

Discontent with existing conditions
is a frequent cause of a man break-
ing away. In 1915 a private who
held an army skilled trade certificate
was deputed to examine applicants for
special enlistment in that branch.

He prepared the tests and examined
the finished work.

Those who qualified were created
staff sergeants a week later, with pay
amounting to four times his own.

His repeated requests for promotion
were turned down, as he was a regular.
While on leave he deserted, joining
another regiment immediately, and
after 18 months in Saloniki he was dis-
charged under an assumed name with
heart trouble.

A kindly C. O. has been known to
give an incorrigible a few days' leave
and a sovereign, with the advice to
lose himself—in the rosy times of
peace.

Chinese Foundling in Luck.
A Chinese baby named Anna Mi-
chaelson became Anna Lee Chin
Wore, legally adopted daughter of
Chin H. Wore, wealthy proprietor of
a New York restaurant, by order of
Justice Cohanlan in the supreme court.
Incidentally the story of how the child
was saved from death in infancy and
acquired the surname by which she
has been known, was disclosed. Ten
years ago Patrolman Michaelson was
walking his beat in Chinatown when
his attention was attracted by the
piercing wail of an infant. In an al-
ley ash barrel he found the Chinese
child, in no suit of clothing, and blue
with cold. The policeman wrapped
the wail in his overcoat and took her
to the police station, whence she was
later taken to the New York Found-
lings' home. At about the same time
the childless Chin H. Wore, who is
prospering in business, and his wife
visited the institution in search
of an infant for adoption. Their
hearts went out to Anna Michaelson,
and they took the child home—the
first Chinese girl legally adopted in
New York county.

Sewer Swallowed Auto.
During a recent heavy rain a con-
siderable area of a well-paved Phila-
delphia street suddenly caved in, swal-
lowing a heavy touring car which had
just stopped at the curb. The owner
of the car stepped from it only a few
seconds before it dropped into a hole
30 feet deep. The collapse of a 14-
foot brick sewer, flooded beyond its
capacity, was the cause of the failure
of the pavement. A second heavy
storm immediately following brought
another rush of water through the
broken drain. Although a guard was
promptly thrown about the opening,
the car, which was lying on its side in
the crushed sewer, entirely disappear-
ed without leaving a trace either in
the sewer or in the creek which re-
ceives its outflow.—Popular Mechanics
Magazine.

May Be Life on Venus.
From what we know of the surface
conditions and climates of the various
members of the solar system, Prof.
Svante Arrhenius concludes that
Venus is the only planet besides the
earth where life is possible. Venus
has a dense, warm atmosphere of high
humidity. With everything dripping
wet, life near the equator should be
luxuriant, though of low order on ac-
count of the uniform climate and lack
of need for specialization; but near-
er the poles the climatic diversity is
greater, suggesting a more varied de-
velopment. Absence of any at-
mosphere makes life on Mercury and
the moon impossible. Mars, too, must
be uninhabitable with a temperature
averaging about 37 degrees C. below
zero and scarcely rising to freezing
point even at noon on the equator,
and its water supply is small.

Yank Forces Made Candy.
Ten candy factories were trans-
ferred by the Y. M. C. A. to the United
States expeditionary forces recently.
Thirty others have been taken over by
the quartermaster's corps recently.

The army will continue to manufac-
ture jam, cookies and candies at the
40 factories.

on this occasion. The men of the
force both saints and sinners, may-
ried or single are invited to attend
this service.

To the Christian seeking spiritual
strength and to the sinner seeking
salvation, to those seeking comfort
and cheer, our doors are opened to
you and to strangers. We extend a
cordial welcome to worship with us
under the Lord's Day.

Munger Avenue Baptist Church.
We are still alive, and are just

about to peep from under the pres-
sure of the gloom of nearly four
months labor with sad and broken
hearts after the death of our beloved
pastor, Rev. L. H. Hopkins, to view
the dawn of another day. God has
sent Rev. W. M. Lofton of Cameron,
Texas, as our leader. Though these
many months without a leader, our
church with all of its auxiliaries are
still alive spiritually and financially.

Our B. Y. P. U. is going over the
top each Sunday evening. President
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April 2 ending April 7, further an-
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Special exhibits of the Dallas Sew-
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We are proud of our president
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our secretary, Sister L. B. O'Neil, who
is never late and a genius in keeping
records.

MRS. A. J. WORTHAM, Reporter.

Sent By
Miss Wiggins

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"She says Miss Wiggins sent her and
she said to give you this," drawled the
small office boy to Stanley Higgins, in
the middle of what seemed to said Mr.
Higgins the busiest morning of the
busiest week of his business career.

"The Lord knows it's time she sent
some one, but why did she annoy me
this morning?" retorted Higgins. "No,
don't tell her to go; bring her in."

He had no time to examine the fold-
ed sheet that the girl from Miss Wig-
gin had brought by way of recommenda-
tion, but the large sepia-toned photo-
graph, apparently the worse for fre-
quent handling, opened of itself as
Higgins started to flip it and the recom-
mendation into a drawer of his desk.

He whistled and the office boy hesi-
tated on the threshold to see whether
this meant that Higgins wanted him to
stop.

"No, go on," shouted Higgins. The
whistle had been the natural result of
the first glimpse of the photograph
which showed the original to be a tall,
slender blonde, with a figure that
mingled the litheness of a nymph with
the symmetry and perfection of a Di-
ana.

Especially was this true of the arms,
which were generously displayed in
the picture, though the voluminous
furs about the shoulders, left one
obliged to guess the beauty there con-
cealed. Higgins had never heard of
sending in a picture as part of an ap-
plication for a clerical job before.

It wasn't a bad idea—still it would
have been more appropriate, he
thought, to send a picture as the young
woman would appear in business—or
did she come in this theatrical attire?

In a minute more she answered the
question for herself. She did not, but
she was as lively and as Dantesque
in the neat street suit, albeit just a
trifle worn and shabby, that she wore.

"Miss Wiggins sent me—" began the
girl, looking searchingly around the
office as if missing something that she
had expected to find. She had time to
say no more.

"It's high time she did send you,"
was Higgins's rejoinder. "I don't see
any reason why you shouldn't handle
the job, do you?"

"Only that my arms are just a little
too short," she said; "but that perhaps
doesn't matter with the work you have
for me. In the fur concern where I
was once it didn't matter, but Miss
Wiggins said I'd better tell you."

Higgins looked up in surprise, then
laughed. "Oh, that's all right," he
said. The idea that there would be
enough shorthand work for her to
do to make it necessary to have her
arms measured as one would for a
central operator amused him. "Why
did you leave your last place?" he
asked. "Was it just on that account?"

"Not entirely," said the girl, blush-
ing in spite of an effort not to. "But,
you see—well, in my kind of work it
sometimes isn't as pleasant as it
might be, and—well, if I do my work
well I don't like to go out to dinner
with the buyers. You wouldn't expect
me to do that, would you?"

"Dinner with the buyers?" gasped
Higgins. Assuredly none of the gov-
ernment agents who came to place or-
ders for motors in the concern for
which he worked had ever yet shown
any disposition to take the young wom-
an clerks out to dinner. He assured
her that she would not be expected to
do that sort of thing.

"I suppose you can make yourself
generally useful for a day or so," he
said. In spite of the fact that he was
complaining of Miss Wiggins's delay in
sending the girl, the filing cabinets in
the system he had in mind had not com-
pletely thrown about the opening,
the car, which was lying on its side in
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ed without leaving a trace either in
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ceives its outflow.—Popular Mechanics
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MRS. A. J. WORTHAM, Reporter.

PLAYED HIS GAME

Boisheviki Easily Fooled by Amer-
ican Business Man.

Revolutionists Unable to See That
They Were Being Led On When
All Their Extravagant De-
mands Were Accorded To.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler tells a
story about how an American busi-
ness man solved the bolshevik prob-
lem in Petrograd, at least as it applied
to his affairs. The Columbia univer-
sity president says he has it directly
from the American concerned. Here it
is:

An American, head of a large firm
in Petrograd, branch of an American
business house, was sitting in his of-
fice pondering on how he could close
up the business and discharge his Rus-
sian employees without causing trou-
ble. The revolution had precluded
all chance of doing more business.

As he was thinking over this prob-
lem the door opened and three of the
employees entered.

"We have decided," said the spokes-
man, "to apply the soviet principle
to this business."

"All right," said the manager, "that
seems to be the custom here. What
do you want me to do?"

"First, we want you to double our
wages."

"All right. Everybody would like
double wages."

"Then we want a month instead of
two weeks' vacation a year."

"That's fine; I myself like a month's
vacation."

"And for the month's vacation we
want the pay double again."

"Now, I never thought of that. But
now that I do it's true that on a vaca-
tion it is nice to have a lot of money.
We'll do that, too."

"Now that those things are decided
we must tell you that we